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SKETCH

1944

Model of Massachusetts General Hospital

Miss Sally Johnson, R.N., B.S.

Superintendent of Nurses and Principal of the School of Nursing

CHECKS

Massachusetts General Hospital
School of Nursing

Class of 1944

EDITORS

Patricia Hart	*Editor-in-chief*
Elaine Gordon Dorothy McCullough	*Literary Editors*
Natalie McCrillis	*Social Editor*
Jean Gravelle Lenore Reiman	*Business Editors*

DEDICATION

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-four

dedicate this edition of CHECKS to

MISS NANCY FRASER

who in guarding our health through these three

years has embedded herself deep in our hearts.

To Miss Ruth Sleeper

The editors of Checks *wish to express their sincerest appreciation*

for her help in publishing this volume.

Editorial

When the class of 1944 began the preparation and education necessary to become members of the nursing profession, our country was still on the edges of the great conflict now raging throughout the world. We chose our profession without a great deal of meditation on becoming war nurses. Our ambitions and desires were rather drawn toward the care and teaching of the ill of our nation. I doubt that we even considered the scope of our work and endeavor to include as large a community as the nation.

Therefore, I believe that we must be classified as nurses in war rather than war nurses. After Pearl Harbor, and our country's entrance into actual fighting, we came face to face with the problems of military casualties, of safeguarding civilian, industrial and public health, and of education of larger groups of nurses. We were quick to realize we must give up our first plans for it would be our duty to aid in the emergency. Nurses were needed at once and we would be ready and available sooner than the "War Classes" those whose training and education began after December 7, 1941.

In this we are privileged to stand beside the men of our fighting forces. Their ambitions, their plans for their lives and careers did not include fighting a war but they have taken up the fight. These men who give so freely have provided us with a challenging example to follow in converting our own plans to include the work of nurses in war. Our sacrifices are not as great as many of theirs have been and will be. In peace, we planned to help with healing minds, bodies and spirits. As nurses in war, that is still our job. And we do not need to lay aside the work for which we have been prepared. Not so the man in uniform who was ambitious to become an artist, author or executive.

Medical science has given the nurse a share in the great job of caring for and healing the minds, bodies and spirits of our fighting men and our fighting civilians. It has given us the opportunity to teach the mothers of the nation that they may continue to bring their children up to be healthy, happy individuals despite the atmosphere of strife in the world. And to all this is added the privilege of assisting in the program of post war reconstruction. Great indeed is the need for our contribution. Great is the challenge to nurses in war.

Foreword

In this volume, we the class of 1944, have set forth a permanent record of our three years in the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing; our experiences, our friends, a chronicle of our training, our discoveries about ourselves and our chosen profession, a report of the newest program, the Cadet Nurse Corps, our memories of the minute things about our School, and the big things we have learned that will make us better able to serve those people needing nursing care and health guidance.

Now we are going forth to teach, to nurse the sick, to our responsibilities in civilian and military health. We are fully aware of the challenge that the present world upheaval and chaos is placing before us. Military service for some of us will provide adventurous service while others of us must accept the responsibility of helping to maintain high standards of civilian nursing on the diminished staffs of hospitals, public health agencies and schools of nursing. These vital civilian fields are less spectacular than the military one but none the less challenging to our training and our abilities.

Looking forward to the readvent of peace among nations, we, the members of the class of 1944, are preparing to take our places in the reconstruction program throughout the world.

We are fortunate in having chosen a profession which is the product of all nations and all peoples. A profession undeterred by barriers of nationalism or racial and religious intolerance. When the nations of the globe to-day emerge from this dark era on the pages of civilized history, nursing will be ready to carry the torch of healing to all parts of the world that its light may shine on all peoples. We, the class of 1944, hope to share in spreading the healing light, not only that, in the glow of the torch, war weary peoples may find a new high in physical, emotional and mental health, but also that nursing may stand by while people again take up duties laid down in war and health services in war torn countries become again self sustaining and effective.

Our model and guide, Florence Nightingale, was a nurse in war but she did not cease her efforts to bring health to the ill and maintain health in the well when the military conflict ceased. We, the class of 1944, shall endeavor to carry on the work she initiated, beyond the end of this war.

STATUETTE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Made by Hilary Bonham-Carter, cousin of Miss Nightingale and was given to Mrs. Vaughn's mother, Mrs. Samuel Parkman, when she visited Miss Nightingale in 1872. Presented to the Training School in 1929.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I solemnly pledge myself before God in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievious and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

Nurse's Prayer

Dear God, we pray 'Thy Will be done'. Give us the insight into Thy glorious plan that we may know what is our part in Thy Will. Give us the strength to follow that plan to the best of our ability. Give us the constancy to live it to the best of our energy.

Give us, we pray, the patience we so desperately need to fulfill our vocation of ministering to our suffering fellowmen. Give us tolerance and understanding that we may know the needs of those we serve.

Give us the courage to accomplish what we must. Give us the strength to walk without fear in the shadow of death on the battlefield. Give us steadfastness of purpose to fulfill that which is expected of us as our part in bringing the joy of Peace to the world again.

Let us be trustworthy, God. Let us be cheerful in order that we may lighten the burden of pain. Let us be strong that we may hide our sorrows or the sadness locked within our hearts, lest it reflect upon others and add to their cross.

Let us keep our eyes upon that goal which is the goal of the perfect nurse. Let us strive ever upward in the path of righteousness and when the Prince of Peace returns in all His Glory, may we look upward with confidence in the knowledge that with His help we have made ourselves worthy to bow before His Throne.

"A cup of cold water given in My Name . . ."

Patricia Hart

Class Officers

1944

Almyra C. Gates

Margaret Hosmer

A. Charlotte Hall

Barbara Thorburn

President	Almyra C. Gates
Vice-President	Margaret Hosmer
Secretary	A. Charlotte Hall
Treasurer	Barbara Thorburn

Class Advisors

Adele Corkum Helen French

Graduating Class

February Section

AINO KYLLIKKI BERG

18 Ethel Avenue
Peabody, Mass.

In action faithful and in honor clear . . .

JESSIE ELIZABETH BROWN

29 Pleasant Street
Fitchburg, Mass.

Winding up the days with toil, the nights with sleep . . .

ANNE BUCHERI

Lawrence Road
Salem, New Hampshire

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep . . .

ANNA BUDZYNA

Caswell Court
East Douglas, Mass.

By the work one knows the workman . . .

BLAIR FRANCES CASSELL

202 Pine Street
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life . . .

JUNE FRANCES CASSELS

Buzzards Bay
Massachusetts

Diligence is the mother of good fortune . . .

PRISCILLA MAY COLE

14 Whittemore Street
Gloucester, Mass.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose . . .

MARY LOUISE CONNOR

218 Callendar Street
Dorchester, Mass.

My heart is wax moulded, but enduring as marble to retain . . .

LELIA EILEEN DUFFY

19 ADAMS Street
Taunton, Mass.

Of manners gentle, of attentions mild . . .

MARY MARGARET FAGAN

22 Lawrence Street
Taunton, Mass.

Nothing is dear and precious as time . . .

PEARL BLANCHE FOSS

25 Prescott Street
Newtonville, Mass.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder . . .

ELAINE GORDON

169 Washington Street
Newton, Mass.

Ring out the old; ring in the new . . .

JEAN GRAVELLE

Bucksport, Maine

Variety is the Mother of enjoyment . . .

MADELINE HAMEL

14 Moore Avenue
Worcester, Mass.

Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind . . .

NANCY JEAN HARDY

85 Main Street
Kingston, Mass.

As full of spirit as the month of May . . .

MARY PATRICIA HART

36 Sunset Boulevard
Pittsford, New York

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share! . . .

ANNETTE A. HEINZLE

Manning Street
Holden, Mass.

The light shineth from the depths . . .

ALICE MARIE HOWELL

1901 Beacon Street
Brookline, Mass.

Beauty seen is never lost . . .

MARGO YATES JEFFERIES

201 Ocean Street
Lynn, Mass.

And so on, until the end of the chapter . . .

HELEN KNEELAND

Dover, New Hampshire

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame . . .

MARJORIE R. LAFLEUR

119 Rodman Street
Fall River, Mass.

The larger heart, the kindlier hand . . .

ANN CATHERINE LAVIGNE

461 Chandler Street
Worcester, Mass.

I am a part of all that I have met . . .

CATHERINE ELIZABETH MAITLAND

356 Puritan Road
Swampscott, Mass.

Let knowledge grow from mo e to more . . .

CARLEEN L. MARR

East Gardner
Massachusetts

I shall be as secret as the grave . . .

NATALIE GLEN McCRILLIS

North Conway
New Hampshire

A hand that heals, a smile that cheers . . .

GERTRUDE RAINE McMORRAN

139 Main Street
Lincoln, New Hampshire

Lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart . . .

LILLIAN CECILE NOLETTE

4 Third Street
Salmon Falls, New Hampshire

Little I ask, my wants are few . . .

RUTH PEDLEY

North Grosvenordale
Connecticut

It is good to live and learn . . .

BARBARA H. RAIMER

31 North Summer Street
Adams, Mass.

Must share it, happiness was born a twin . . .

MARION RANDALL

23 Porter Avenue
Lynn, Mass.

So many worlds, so much to do . . .

MARY H. SINGLETON

38 School Street
Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass.

And many strokes, though with a little axe . . .

LORNA THIGPEN

R.F.D. #1
Tarboro, North Carolina

That mercy I to others show . . .

September Section

MARTHA L. ADDISON

60 Gramercy Park
New York City, New York

Type of the wise who soar but never roam.

PRISCILLA MAE ANDREWS

Milton, Mass.

A sudden thought strikes me . . .

PATRICIA MARGARET BACHELDER

117 Second Street
Hallowell, Maine

So we build up the being that we are . . .

HELEN CAMP BELCHER

Plymouth, Mass.

Serenity becomes a queen . . .

HENRIETTA BURROUGH BROWN

Quincy
Massachusetts

Beauty truly is not skin deep . . .

LOUISE MARY BROWN

11 School Street
Beverly, Mass.

A few strong instincts, a few plain rules . . .

BARBARA L. CAME

91 Ledgelawn Avenue
Bar Harbor, Maine

There's music with her silver sound . . .

VIVIAN M. CARROLL

495 Westwood Avenue
Long Branch, New Jersey

Chapter of accidents . . .

GUNVOR CARLSON

45 Middle Street
Gloucester, Mass.

Patience is its own reward . . .

MARY ELIZABETH CHURCH

310 Pleasant Avenue
North Syracuse, New York

Sweetness of life . . .

BARBARA A. CHRISTIE

20 Burnette Street
Johnston, Rhode Island

Serenity's a queen . . .

BERNICE LORRAINE CLARKE

51 Hall Street
New Bedford, Mass.

Let this great maxim be my guide . . .

RITA E. COLLINS

965 Maine Street
Winchester, Mass.

All Nature wears one universal grin . . .

MARY LOUISE CONROY

Hersey Street
Hingham, Mass.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure . . .

MIRIAM LOUISE DAVIS

350 Broad Street
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Example is always more efficacious than precept . . .

BERNADETTE ANNE DiNATALIE

83 Malverne Street
Melrose, Mass.

God helps them, that help themselves . . .

RITA FRANCIS DOYLE

42 Douglas Road
Medford, Mass.

Facts are stubborn things . . .

MERIEL EMERSON

24 May Street
Biddeford, Maine

Ease and alternate labor, useful life . . .

HELEN FULLER

322 31st Street
Odgen, Utah

A sweeter light than ever rayed . . .

ALMYRA CONSTANCE GATES

119 West Mineral King Avenue
Visalia, California

'Tis the noblest Roman of them all . . .

DOROTHY LEE GRANT

292 Washington Street
Gloucester, Mass.

Quipps and pranks and wreathed smiles . . .

MIRIAM T. HAKKINEN

18 Halford Street
Gardner, Mass.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill . . .

A. CHARLOTTE HALL

48 Belvedere Avenue
Holyoke, Mass.

It shall be witty and it shan't be long . . .

RUTH ELVIRA HANSON

22 Weymouth Street
Saco, Maine

An unextinguished laughter fills the skies . . .

ANN A. HART

South Hope
Maine

He lives to build not boast a generous race . . .

BARBARA VIRGINIA HAYDEN

868 Watertown Street
West Newton, Mass.

For patience sovereign . . .

BARBARA ANN HITCHINGS

Main Street
Lynnfield Center, Mass.

Strew gladness on the paths of men . . .

MARGARET LOWRY HOSMER

36 Cedar Lane Way
Boston, Mass.

She smiled and the shadows departed . . .

MARYETTA ROBERTA HOWARD

Millbrook Road
Wayland, Mass.

To do thy duty, whate'er its worth . . .

BARBARA JOHNSON

146 Coolidge Road
Worcester, Mass.

Rich windows that exude the light . . .

GERTRUDE IDA KELLY

Newton
New Hampshire

Fast anchored isle . . .

JEAN KISTLER

Adamsville Road
Elkhart, Indiana

The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd . . .

JANE M. LeCLAIRE

25 St. James Road
Shrewsbury, Mass.

Mine eyes have seen the glory . . .

PHYLLIS ANN LAVERY

Houghton Street
Webster, Mass.

I do but sing because I must . . .

ESTHER PHYLLIS LEYSATH

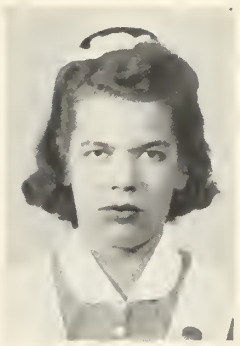
6 Harvard Street
Springfield, Vermont

Circumstances, over which I have no control . . .

LENA ANN MAINIERO

669 Berkshire Avenue
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Apt, alliteration's artful aid . . .



MARY CAROLINE MARK

19 Crescent Street
North Plymouth, Mass

The understanding to direct on the hand to execute . . .

JANE ROBERTA MARTIN

89 Hazard Avenue
Providence, Rhode Island

Books, the children of the brain . . .

MARION MAZZOLINI

29 Pleasant Street
Randolph, Vermont

Let hours be set apart of business . . .

DOROTHY M. McCULLOUGH

2 Pleasant Street
Wellesley, Mass.

You and I were long friends . . .

MARY McNEES

Providence Road
Media, Pennsylvania

Eyes are the windows of the soul . . .

MAVIS PHELPS

45 Monponset Street
Mattapan, Mass.

I've done my duty . . .

DOROTHY MARIE QUINN

260 Cedar Street
Fitchburg, Mass.

Her only fault was that she had no fault . . .

MARIE ELLEN REARICK

Burbank Avenue
Warren, Mass.

None but himself can be his parallel . . .

LUCILLE MARIE REEVES

3029 Wall Street
Joplin, Missouri

All mine is yours . . .

LENORE MARIE REIMAN

403 North High Street
Mount Vernon, New York

A woman's work is never done . . .

MARY DURGIN RICHARDS

407 Union Street
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Pun, provoking thyme . . .

EILEEN CHARLOTTE SAMUELSON

31 Blake Street
New Haven, Connecticut

Blest with that charm, the certainty to please . . .

BARBARA JEAN SCHURK

114 Quinnipic Avenue
New Haven, Connecticut

Happy am I, from care I'm free . . .

BARBARA JEAN SOMERVILLE

Houlton
Maine

Calm as the night, deep as the sea . . .

MARION SULLIVAN

1655 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, Mass.

You must wake and call me early . . .

MARY AGNES SULLIVAN

74 Lexington Street
Watertown, Mass.

Charity is the greatest virtue . . .

VIRGINIA TELANDER

610 North Main Street
Randolph, Mass.

Toil is the sire of fame . . .

ANN LOUISE THIBODEAU

19 Deerfield Street
Hartford, Connecticut

Nothing so tranquil, nothing so sweet . . .

BARBARA LEE THORBURN

6 Hood Avenue
Rumford, Rhode Island

There is in souls, a sympathy that sounds

BARBARA WAGEW

710 Prospect Street
Fall River, Mass.

The work for me is Joy . . .

PRISCILLA WEBSTER

61 Lazel Street
Whitman, Mass.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels . . .

JEANNE WELCH

45 Fourth Street
Attleboro, Mass.

The better the day, the better the deed . . .

MARY PATRICIA WELCH

17 East Washington Street
Rutland, Vermont

Life is short . . .

CYNTHIA WELCKER

95 Lincoln Street
Holyoke, Mass.

Like, but oh how different . . .

VIRGINIA WENTWORTH

11 Emory Street
Saugus, Mass.

It is good news worthy of all expectation . . .

ELIZABETH WHITNEY

125 Pearl Street
Gardner, Mass.

Thru pleasant and thru cloudy weather . . .

Class Prophecy

PROLOGUE:

Mary, remember the time capusle of our class that we buried in the corner stone of the nurses home built in 1954. Well, they're razing that building now and they found the time capsule and have its contents on display in the Archives. So let's hop aboard our canes and totter over and reminesce.

AT THE ARCHIVES:

Ah, here we are. Look at how the new buildings overshadow the White Building. Remember how proud we were of that new building?

Here they are. Pictures, clippings, letters, and souvenirs. Oh, what funny clothes we wore and the "hair dos" Horrors!!

Here's a picture of Cynnie Welcker careening over the hills of Colorado in a blue jeep with her six red headed boys and six yellow headed girls bouncing around in the rumble seat. Some more snaps—one's Little Sully and Joe sitting on an over flowing hope chest, the other's an old fashioned black and white picture of Ensign Lee Mainiero and Lieut. Molly Howard. This one's intitled the Belles of Chelsea and includes Ensigns Anne Thibodeau, Bernie DeNatalie and Barby Thorburn.

Hmmm, here's an M.G.H. bulletin for 1953 and just look at the members of our class that are in it. Ruth Pedley is Medical Supervisor, Annette Heinzle is listed as Orthopedic Supervisor and my goodness, the weight Mary Singleton lost working as Pediatric Head Nurse. Marie Rearick heads the Psychiatric Department while Aino Berg is Head Nurse on the Research Ward. Next, a list of Ann Hart's newest class of probies. Barby Raimer isn't here as Medical Supervisor—must have been taken just after she left to keep house for the Medical Resident. Barby Hayden is Head Nurse at Eye and Ear.

This letter postmarked Hankow, China is from Puddy Andrews, and this bundle of the V-mail of World War II was donated by Barbie Christie.

This Public Health Nursing Bulletin has M.G.H. all though it. Look at this article by Bunny Gates on special problems in Visalia, Calif. Pat Bachelder has been appointed the head of an Industrial Nursing Committee. Speaking of committees here's the new roster of officers for the Massachusetts Organization for Public Health Nursing. Anna Budzyna is president. Mary Fagan, 'Mimi', has been recruited from rural life and the twins as special consultant to head the Rural Committee for the year. June Cassel, 'Pinky', comes down from Cape Cod to be Executive Secretary and Laddie Duffy has been elected Chairman of the Staff Education Committee. Here's a notice that Mary Mark and Priscilla Webster have been appointed Supervisors of their Community Health Centers.

Here's an album of old-fashioned pictures. Let me see if I can make out the title on the cover? This is strange, it says Bungalow Bulletins. Oh, am I stupid! It's self-explanatory. Here take this chair beside me. Side by side, are pictures of two military weddings, one Barby Came's at Annapolis and Rita Collins' at West Point. What no Marines! The next one's entitled Madeline Hamel's Cape Cod Cottage. This is interesting, Mim Davis is standing in a doorway of a darling bungalow on that famous Isle of Shoals. Ginny Wentworth is shown here trying out some of the ideas gleaned from her special course in nutrition and racial diets. Oh, her poor husband. Mim Hakkinen is shown walking in her garden with Dean.

Here's a quaint sign R.N.-M.D. Inquire Inside. Mary Richards and Bogue set up housekeeping and work in Portsmouth. This picture is just a piece of apple pie a la mode. Says here, Martha Addison feeds her husband a similar serving q. ½ h. A clipping from the Quarterly says that Louise Connor is resigning from the Nursing Department to marry Jimmy. Another military wedding, Marge LaFleur to her soldier husband is shown on the opposite page. Now this doesn't look like American architecture. No, that's South American and Dodie McMorran is standing in front of that great white house. Ann Bucheri joined the back to the land movement and here she is feeding the chickens aided and abetted by a brood of children.

This next one's entitled Navy Wife. Well, it's Elaine Gordon, Flash no longer, shown at the celebration when her husband was promoted to Admiral. Remember how we laughed the night Nancy Hardy declared she thought she would marry a prize

fighter. From the row of medals on her husband's military blouse, it looks as if she called her shots pretty close. Much better than cauliflower ears, too.

From the dates on these, looks as if Carleen Marr and Meriel Emerson graduated and married all on the same day. Here's Nat McCrillis and Big and Little Bill. Doesn't Pearly Foss look happy with Bert finally home from the Navy. 'I Want to Go Back to Indiana'. Gunny Carlson did it by the evidence in this picture. Oh, by the way, I heard that Jean Kistler went back to head up the Board of Nurse Examiners in the State of Indiana.

Well, that's an all military wedding, Gert Kelly, N.N.C. and a Lieut. Commander coming down an aisle of crossed sabers.

This is *quite* an album.

This is a strange picture to be in this display. It shows a large group of war veterans laughing. Underneath—'This is merely the effect.' The cause was Marion Sullivan 'Big Sully' and Barby Hitchings. Speaking of laughing, Dot Grant went to California and became head of the Hollywood Hospital. She came closer than she expected to being Joan Davis's stand in. Charlotte Hall would blush now as a Superintendent of Nurses if she could see this snapshot below her distinguished picture of her attire for quick trips to Minnie's at 9:55 P. M.

Remember when Lee Reiman edited the DRAWSHEET. Look, here is a copy of the A.J.N. and guess who's the editor? Marie Reeves and Pat Welch are also on the staff along with Jane Martin. Shades of Misses Palmer and Davis.

This friendship lasted! Here's a sample of the letters Dot McCullough and Betty Whitney exchanged even after ten years.

Hmm, medals. Why they're the ones that Mary Conroy and Barby Schurk received for bravery and iniative under battle conditions. Mavis Phelps and Rita Doyle along with Helen Belcher had the situation well in hand as Marine Nurses.

Ths is a most interesting letter written by wounded soldiers in a base hospital praising Mary Mazzolini, Dot Quinn and Ruthie Hanson. Phil Lavery and Barby Johnson filled in that long wait of Navy wives running a super delux Nursery School. Just look at those healthy children.

Here's one for Ellery Queen. Did Louise Brown ever decide between the Medical or Literary profession?

Isn't that Ginny Telander and Eileen Samuelson seeing the sights in North Africa? Of all places for Barbara WaGew, this clipping says, she's doing Public Health work in Alaska. And Fannie Seplowitz did reconstruction work in France.

Ann LaVigne was supervising at Worcester City and her other half Alice Howell is directing the Science Department while Jean Gravelle has her own special O.R. gowns and runs the Maine General O.R. More supervisors; Priscilla Cole is in Gloucester T.S.O. while Lorna Thigpen is teaching anatomy in North Carolina; Lillian Nolette is supervisor of the O.R. at Portsmouth, N. H. Kay Maitland and Marion Randall had an article published in the A.J.N. concerning the differences in Public Health in rural vs. urban communities. Helen Graves, as executive secretary of the Massachusetts State Nurses Association, did a fine job in Washington a consultant to the Senators sponsoring the new Nurses' Bill.

Peg Hosmer is showing her tow headed, dimpled children the hospital where she worked just down the street from home.

Jeanne Welch and Bernice Clarke became hostesses all right but first of all they were hostesses on the Army Air Corps hospital planes.

Mary Church is on the faculty of the University of Syracuse School of Nursing.

Viv Carroll in the Navy was surprised to see Blair Cassell 'down under'. Barby Somerville, the Florence Nightingale of Maine set up a special school nursing program there.

Here's a bundle of postcards sent by Pat Hart from many more than four corners of the globe. Pan America certainly branched out after the war."

EPILOGUE:

"Well, Jane, this has been a rejuvenating afternoon! I guess this is pretty fair evidence that the Class of 1944 went far and did many things. It's made me feel so young again. Let's go home and have sauerkraut and pickled pigs feet. Oh! what did I do with my cane!"

History

92 Charles Street
Boston, Mass.
February 1941

Dear Pussy,

Yes, I can hear you now. 'That girl hasn't written to me.' Well, here's why. . . . Things have been happening so fast and furious out here. As a matter of fact study hour is just over and I've still got three papers to do.

Mom and Dad went with me to a lovely tea served us in Walcott House by the ladies of the Hospital and School Committees, we met our Faculty and Student Assistants. We met all our other classmates too and thank goodness, I'm not the only red head.

You should have seen us struggling to get into our uniforms the next morning. Now, I know why my brother hates a starched collar. I suppose we'll get used to wearing black stockings and shoes on the street to and from the hospital but right now we suspect everyone is looking at us. I thought my hair was short too, but I just can't seem to get it far enough off my collar to satisfy my Student Supervisor.

Dear Sis,

My sides are sore from laughing. Last night our big sisters gave us a party and put on a skit showing two of us probies making a bed. Oooh, the poor patient. At this point I hope 'fiction is stranger than truth'. . . .

Dear Mom and Dad,

To-day your daughter is sporting a nicely ruffled cap atop her flaming head. I am so proud of myself that I shall just have to work harder and harder to deserve it. The cap is so light I almost caught myself taking a bath with it still on. Fair enough reward for these months of toil and struggle. . . .

Dear Pussy,

Ha, you can just keep right on talking about your college proms. We had one of our own last night. And what a setting for all of us in our beautiful gowns. What is so fair as a night in June! The Chinese lanterns strung around Bulfinch Lawn glowed prettily. . . . I just guess nurses aren't as stuffy as some people try to say they are. . . .

Dear Mother,

How I wish you could be in Boston these lovely summer nights—when it doesn't rain. The Boston Symphony orchestra gives a concert in the Hatch Memorial Shell along the esplanade. I know how you like music and I can't help wishing I could wrap it all up in this letter and send it to you.

The cokes at Minnie's afterwards are good too.

Dear Family,

Wheee. I told you that I had my checks carefully placed in my drawer. Well, to-day came the magic hour when we put them on. I used to think blue was my favorite color, but since we have been 'checked' I'm sure there is no comparison.

Vacationland, Mass.

Dear Jane,

How's everything back there? Vacations are the most wonderful things. We went to the football game last Saturday and otherwise, I am just lolling about home. The food is positively wonderful. I'm sure I shan't be able to get my aprons around me after these three weeks have passed. You'd be amused if you could see the respect the other girls have for me since I can say I'm a student nurse. . . .

Thayer House
Boston, Mass.
January 1942

Dear Pussy,

What a gala holiday season it has been despite the fact that we put in our eight hours every single day. Thanksgiving, we had Open House at Walcott House. We were all very thankful since we were eating of course. At least our disgraceful appetites we had as probies have diminished somewhat.

The week before Christmas we had our Candle Light Service and it was a beautiful sight. The Glee Club sang like the angels that first Christmas morn. You know how I love Christmas Carols. . . .

The Rotunda became a pine and red ribboned bower for the Christmas Formal last week. . . . It was a grand climax to the holiday season. . . .

Dear Pussy,

T'other night we had a USO dance here. What fun. The most amusing part of the evening though was the fact that the service men kept marveling that the girls didn't look like nurses. I'd like to suggest that Mr. Dickens' Sary Gamp be struck from the curriculum of schools as subversive propaganda. . . .

Dear Family,

Wheeeeeeeee. 730 days. The two year marker. May the next twelve months speed by. We are solemn because we all realize how important it is that we hold our titles as Seniors and learn all we possibly can in our last lap of the journey toward the great day.

Dear Family,

I'm in again.

To-day I am a very special kind of human being. The law of gravity has absolutely no control over me. I am treading the clouds, little pink ones at that.

I GOT MY SENIOR BAND. That is the reason for the above idiocy. Imagine getting so excited over a piece of white bias binding. Ah, but look what that bias binding stands for. From now on, I can work harder than ever with my cap on my head especially high and let the rays of light fall where they may. . . .

Dear Tom,

Many times in your brotherly affection (?) you've suggested that I should be assigned to a mental institution. At this point, I'm sorry I didn't take your advice. A letter arrived to-day from some of my classmates at McLean. Their work, or should I say merely on duty time, consists of preparing one lunch and then settling down to a cozy game of bridge, or perhaps a walk around the beautiful grounds far from the noise of the city, and then it is time for supper. This is the treatment for the confused mind. . .

Of course the girl writing the letter said she couldn't appear in public comfortably because she didn't duck five finger nails quickly enough and looks as though she had had an encounter with Frankenstein. Maybe I'll just keep right on pretending that I'm sure $2 + 2 = 4$.

Dear Mac,

How's the vacation. Don't tell me I'll be jealous.

The girls at EYE and EAR are bragging about their efficiency in eyelash trimming and their mastery over that impressive list of "Colls". That and the fact that the humidifying room on Gardner says 'BOO' and their hair looks as if they'd walked around the Basin in the rain. . . .

Others at Haynes are having a great time dodging all the bugs that are flitting through the atmosphere out there. They cringe at the sight of a syringe because their arms are so sore from immunization shots. . . .

The crew in Navy Blue, no not the WAVES, the quartet on Public Health affiliation have many tales to tell at the supper table. They tread the streets of Boston with their little black bags and a smile on their faces. It would be interesting to know how many stairs these girls climb in the course of their two months. . . .

Dear Pussy,

I've been kidding you about being a school mar'm but you should be here to talk with the students completing their work as student assistants. They tell us about rehearsing their lectures in the empty OPD amphitheaters, asking themselves questions and discovering surprisingly enough that they are able to answer most of them. The great triumphant sigh can be heard upon completion of the foreboding unit of teaching. . . .

Dear Art,

You soldiers have the WAC, the sailors have the WAVES and the coast guard have their auxiliary the SPARS; but, by golly now I am a member of the CNC, Cadet Nursing Corps. Right now we are awaiting our uniforms and surprise of surprises, we are to receive monthly greetings from the United States Treasury. I guess that just about makes us Civilian Soldiers officially. . . .

Dear Pussy,

How I wish you could have been here the other evening. . . . The Great Day—GRADUATION DAY—No, I'm not through yet but we all have our graduating exercises at once and then a party in the dining room as the individuals finish their 1095 days.

Nevertheless, every black shoe was shining, every black stocking seam was straight and every cap resplendent with a wide black velvet ribbon.

As all Great Days have sadness mixed with happiness, there were tears in many an eye. . . .

. . . wish I felt adequate.

Dear Mom,

It takes days like yesterday to make me realize how much more happy I would be if I had learned the noble art of sewing. We had our Senior Ball last night. Everyone's gown was either too long or too short and we spent our off duty time sewing and cutting.

Everyone looked so beautiful at the dance that we might have easily been mistaken for care free students rather than career women. . . .

Dear Tom,

Now I know how you felt when you got your wings. To-day we had the first dining room graduation of our class. Four of our classmates arrived in white uniforms amid storms of applause. Flowers seemed to be everywhere. . . . We were all so excited that we could hardly sing. . . .

As all girls are though, we were sad, for we realized then that we should have exulted in our acquired knowledge but instead it made us realize that we are just beginning to learn and that we have a long road to travel before we shall achieve the success that is our goal.

Elaine Gordon
Marion Sullivan

The Perennial sterilizer
Those @!!* Gremlins!

"I'd just love -
Take my own bath"

Inspection day - Such good clean fun!

"Good morning Mrs I'm
The new visiting nurse"

Class Will

We, the members of the 1944 graduating class of the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing on this day of February in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-four make this our final testament:

To Miss Sally Johnson, our devoted and respected principal, our many thanks and appreciation for her guidance throughout our training.

To Miss Nancy Fraser, an energetic gremlin to round up those naughty student nurses who neglect to tip the scales on the appointed day.

To the staff of T.S.O., our sympathies and regrets that we have had to occupy so much of their valuable time with complaints, requests, and excuses of every color and type.

To the class which is to attempt to fill the empty shoes we leave behind—and they are large—our status as the oldest class, our wit, our industry, and finally—our appetites.

To the House Officers a sunny day and the time in which to have their group picture taken; hair cuts at least once a month; a bedroom equipped with a comfortable bed on each ward for their 'on call' nights; a newly renovated and modernly furnished (you know running water and steam heat) Parkman.

To the chairman of the next formal new decorations, soft lights and a long stag line.

To the Red Cross Aides our appreciation for making that extra bed, carrying that extra bed pan and feeding that last patient.

To the Dietary Department a bountiful supply of luscious, yellow, creamy butter; standing orders to keep the dorm refrigerator stocked with all the goodies that constitute a student spread, dozens of fifty cent credit slips to pay for poor students caught 'having a taste' in the kitchen.

To Minnies our continued patronage—English muffins and coke, apple pie a la mode, hot fudge sundaes—Yum, Yum.

To the telephone operators, a Superman method of locating the doctor we are calling so urgently.

To the night supervisors more rare nights when the ward counts are all absolutely correct.

To the OR, a magic cleaner and all off duty every night exactly at seven P.M.

To all the wards a full time slip.

To all student nurses a second pair of black stockings so that they won't have to wash every night.

To the Infirmary, rooms fully equipped with a radio, large box of Fanny Farmer's chocolates, flowers according to taste, ice cold pop and the best sellers.

To Walcott Living Room a permanent subscription to our various record manufacturers for the latest and best by Harry James, Vaughn Munroe, Duke Ellington and Nelson Eddy. Requests may be made by leaving a note at the desk.

To the Nursing Department a large group of probs with Ingrid Bergman's 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' haircut and no repractice slips.

To all underclassmen Phil Lavery's little red book of dates.

To Jane McGeogh, Marion Sullivan's G.I. boots.

To Norma Garcia, Dotty Quinn's railroad pass.

To those students living on the fifth floor of Walcott, Blair Cassell's and Elaine Noyes' quiet voices.

To night nurses on White 6, Jessie Brown's psychiatric experience.

To floors short of probes (instruments not nurses), Aino Berg's knitting needles.

To new roomates Dotty McCullough's and Betty Whitney's lasting friendship.

Martha Addison leaves Sam to no one.

To anyone tired of dusting their mail boxes, Rita Collins' daily letters.

To a younger student with a budding romance, Esther Leysath's and Barby Johnson's ability for getting extra time off.

To anyone else who doesn't like rules, Jane LeClaire's position as official bench warmer outside you know where.

To ye of the sharp tongue, Barby Came's sweetness.

To Peggy Green, Marie Reeves' airplane rides.

To True Story, Pat Welch's terrific letters.

To anyone fortunate enough to be able to disregard calories, Ann Bucheri's recipe for spaghetti and meat balls.

To Inspection Day scrubbers, Margo Jefferies well groomed appearance.

To the chaperon of the Senior Ball, Boots Budzyna's Polish dances.

To the dim out June Cassels red hair.

To Shirley Rice, part of Priscilla Cole's stature.

To a good detective, Mary Louise Connor leaves the key to UOPD—if she can find it.

To all ye fickle women, Mary Durgin Richards' faithfulness to Bogue.

To State Board Examiners, Ann Hart's teaching ability.

To Noah Webster, Fannie Seplowitz leaves her vocabulary.

To those other little June bugs, Helen Belcher leaves her dry humor.

To Hattie Carnegie, Helen Graves leaves her B.L..-I. Turban.

To Laura Schlums, Jane Martin leaves her patented nickname for Laura.

To Mim Cascadden's animal collection, Barby Hitching's stories of Tillie.

To a poor speechless person, Mary Mark's ability to describe ward experiences.

To Phyllis Rae, Mary Mazzollni's hostess badge to the Officer's Club.

To anyone interested, Bernice Clark's words of advice.

To any one with time to spare, Molly Howard and Lee Mainero leave their extra-curricular activities.

To the Cadet Corps, Barby Hayden's enthusiasm.

To the scrap drive, Mavis Phelps' collection of pins and medals.

To classes in the Ether Dome, Gunnie Carlson leaves her constant insomnia.

To anyone aspiring to join the ranks of those letter-a-day luckies, Pearl Foss' mail box.

To the Infirmary nurse, Mary Fagan's grin to charm the Baker kitchen personnel.

To any wall flower, Flash Gordon's personality tips.

To the rest of us, Catherine Maitland and Lorna Thigpen leave the recipe for cleaning white shoes. They learned early.

To all, Carleen Marr's sincerity.

To anyone aspiring to serve the West Surgical service, Jean Gravelle's scrubgown from Long OR.

To all affiliates, Charlotte Hall leaves her spunk and M.G.H. spirit.

To B.L.-I. Rita Doyle leaves her Baker 9 night duty.

To posterity, Ginny Wentworth leaves her experiences on Public Health in Blossom Street district. Can you blame her?

To no one will Cynnie Welcker leave her romance.

To the first applicant, Mary Church's smile. It's worth having.

To the dateless, Barby Schurk leaves her friend Rita to supply them for you.

To *anyone,* Barbara Somerville would gladly leave her Haynes affiliation.

To anyone not too tired to take on the task after seven, Eileen Samuelson leaves her job of knitting socks for the Navy.

To those with a hemoglobin under 60, Trudy Kelly's frequent skating expeditions.

To the unwary, Helen Fuller would be glad to leave the name of the hairdresser who gave her such a close shave at E&E.

Just try and get Louise Brown's friendship ring.

Peggy Hosmer would be delighted to leave her Parkman room for her own just down the street.

To your house men and orderlies, Dotty Grant's size four feet.

To the Community Fund, Nancy Hardy's feather cut.

To anyone unexpectedly bumping into a supervisor rounding a corner, Alice Howell's poise.

To any self-conscious New Yorker, Helen Kneeland's drawl.

To anyone looking for a nice *quiet* evening. Barby Raimer's and Marge LaFleur's evening walks.

To anyone beating her to the stadium, Anne LaVigne's seat at the Holy Cross football games.

To the new Seniors, Natalie McCrillis leaves H.M.S., she prefers Tufts.

To the unpoised, Madeline Hamel's poise.

To those ignorant of the art of braiding those pre-op tresses, Annette Heinzle gives her braids.

To the next leader of Glee Club, Priscilla Webster leaves her baton.

To all you little kitties, Mary Sullivan's and Mary Conroy's great virtue of never making any uncomplimentary or gossipy remark about anyone.

To the probies at roll call, Barbara Christies' hair do.

To M.G.H. gremlins, Jeanne Welch's angel doodling.

To several little morons, Marie Rearick's brains.

To the new class students, Ginny Telander's and Bunny Gates' ability to make friends.

To admirers of the Navy, Pat Bachelder's dinners aboard ship.

To those with Saturday P.M.'s, Merial Emerson's football games.

To anyone who wants to lose twenty pounds, Pat Hart leaves the editorship of CHECKS.

To those little men with the black capes who make periodic visits from the State House, Mary Singleton leaves her typhoid bacilli.

To head nurses, Puddy Andrews and Barbara Thorburn's good dispositions.

To Doctor Herrara, Viv Carroll's supply of entertaining stories.

To the Large Lady Club, Barbara WaGews petiteness.

To her sister, Dody McMorran leaves her French Dictionary. Carry on Esther.

Leave their Public Health aspirations—Never! say Ruth Pedley and Marion Randall.

To Group II of the new class, Lillian Nolette's curly hair.

To B.L.-i affiliates, Mim Davis's coiffure.

Bernadette DiNatalie's trimness to everybody.

To future students, our memories of probie days.

To night nurses, our quiet(?) rooms in Parkman and North Grove.

To those unhappy individuals who come in after midnight, a good excuse.

To the Probes, the caution that rules are broken, but, not by them.

To all of M.G.H., our joy at graduation, our sorrow at departure, and our promises to fulfill to our utmost her expectations of us.

JEAN GRAVELLE
MARJORIE LAFLEUR
BETTY WHITNEY
DOROTHY MCCULLOUGH

Parody on a Shampoo

9:05 I wonder where my supervisor is? I'll never get this done on time waiting like this. I don't see why they want to have patients get all wet in bed anyway. Of course they call it a shampoo but to me it's just a variation of a bed bath.

9:10 Oh, here she is—guess I'd better look up that stuff they always want to know. For heaven sakes, how did I know she was coming so soon! I didn't look it up while I was waiting. It says here that she has C.U.C. Haven't heard of that but it's probably in the little red book. Funny it isn't here. Maybe it's some Latin or Greek symbol for pediculosis. —Wrong! on that score. It seems it's an abbreviation.

9:30 Now to get the equipment. Cravat. What do they want a scarf for a shampoo for? Maybe to use as a kerchief. I don't remember the demonstration but maybe Bill will appreciate the letter. Let's see, tear a sheet in half and wrap some rubber in it. Fill an irrigating can with hot water. I wonder if 150 degrees is too hot—better try it with my finger. Hmmm, maybe it is a little warm!! Well, I'll fill it good and full so I'll have enough. Shades of Niagara Falls, where's that water coming from? Soaked my towels and everything. Oh well, how was I supposed to know there was a hole in the side of the irrigating can where the string is attached? Might as well 'swab the decks and get goin'. Oh, oh here's Miss Tinkle. She always seems to arrive just after 'one of those things. I don't see what's so funny to her!

10:30 Well, I'll get this equipment in to the bedside now. I hope she has a feather cut. The irrigating can is hung up. This tip should be all right on the table while I soap her hair. Now for her comb. Say! Do I hear H_2O again? The tubing, the spray, the equipment! What did the procedure say to do—'keep hot and your patient cool' or something like that. What a flood. Well, how was I supposed to know that someone had borrowed the clamp from my tubing. 'Swab the decks and get goin'. Might know here comes Miss Tinkle.

11:00 Now that's dried up, I can finish soaping her hair. I guess, I'll fill the irrigating can with some water from the pitchers. A little dripped but that's pretty minor now. I'm glad Miss Tinkle is bringing that light over so I can do a better job with a good light. Oh! oh! she bumped right into the pole so now she's all wet and the floor is flooded again. Should I have told her the pole was behind the curtain? Oh well, 'swab the decks and get goin'.

11:30 One more rinsing and her hair ought to squeak. I wonder why the patient is shivering so much. I don't think it's cold—plenty hot as a matter of fact. "There would you like to sit up while I dry it? You want me to dry *you* first. I can't see why that bothers you, it's just your binder, trousers, johnny, drawsheet and bottom sheet that are wet.

11:59 Everyone's acting like characters in a Gilbert and Sullivan production just 'cause it wet through to her mattress. People are funny. To me that's a morning's work and here it is noon. Time sure flies when you hurry. Must count the blisters on my hands from swabbing the decks when I get a minute. WHAT! A REPRACTICE SLIP?

DOROTHY MCCULLOUGH

"Lest We Forget"

Why I'll Remember the General

I'll remember the General beeause it is the plaee in which I spent three years of my life; where I became a nurse. But especially I'll remember the General for the many little incidents that occurred daily and periodically during my training.

I'll remember the Bulfinch Lawn fresh and green with each spring; sitting on this lawn beneath the splendor of the Bulfinch Dome; waiting for class to start in the little vine-covered Science Lab; the Bulfinich steps beneath the ivied eolumns.

The quietness of Walcott Classroom disturbed by the elanging of the steam pipes.

"Probie" inspeetions day after day for four months. "Scissors, pen and peneil, hair off collar, collar straight, plain white handkerchief in pocket, shoes shined, no round garters!!?"—all this to glorify and signify the student nurse in Probie Blue."

The tour of the laundry, that integral part of the General, to learn the why's and wherefore's of our starched aprons—then the many trips back to the laundry to get that apron, blouse, or collar that didn't come back in my square.

The housekeeping personnel—one and all—John's figure eights when mopping the Brick Corridor—the little brown men waxing the floors.

The first bed bath on the ward; the Niee Patient who did all of the talking; knowing that at that moment I was in no condition to make that all important conversation.

And while on the wards I'll remember the all increasing responsibilities as we went from Blue to Cheeks—then Juniors and Seniors.

The bewildering equipment on White 5B; the plumbing on White 10; 'fish nets" on White 11; preeautions on White 12; locked doors on B 7-8; the large open wards of the Bulfinch; nights on White 8; my first scrub in the O.R.; then eleaning the H.O.'s Room at nine p.m.

I'll remember Thayer Classroom and all the experienees there. How nice it was to see my name on the board listed as a patient!!! Then the visits back there to see the new "probies" worrying over an empty bed.

That day when Miss Fraser called you in for your "eheek fitting." Then the first time I wore them on the wards—trying to hide my self-conseiousness as the patients greeted me with praises and compliments.

On nights I'll remember the tea at 2:00 a.m.—a good case of Night Nurses' nausea—and every other Monday morning Night Nurses' Conference—where we all fought to stay awake—as we did in any elass while on nights. Chaperoning an Allen Street through the dark basements—and up the hand elevator in the deep of the night —that was an experience.

There was always that question??? Should I—? or Shouldn't I?—Maybe I could get away with it—No I guess I won't take the illegal overnight. Then feeling much better because I didn't.

Getting into the infirmary for a couple of days' rest was fine—but that was enough —getting out required a "Writ of something or other!"

I'll remember Thayer Smoking Room and the lengthy discussion we held there. Sun bathing on the Thayer Roof or any roof in the Summer time—also in the summer the many nights we spent enjoying the Esplanade conecrts.

In the winter the cold morning walks up from Charles Street and the fun we had in the snow

At McLean I'll remember the long hike straight up the Cinder Path—trying to avoid the Poison Ivy—and the constant fear of losing our keys.

At B.L.I. it will be hard to forget those glamorous white headgears—Dr. Irving's rounds—every patient in her little blue bed jacket reclining at just the right angle.

Back at the General I'll remember trying to get into the Pharmacy at 5:31 for those narcotics that I forgot—that reference book taken out for overnight only that turned up two weeks later—little notes in my P. O. Box for my over-due Case Study—sitting on Miss Johnson's Bench—for OH! so many reasons!

I'll remember those P.M.'s and relief when I could have a good time and get some much needed sleep too. How I worried all year about when I would use my "four midnights"—then came December 29—with two "midnights" left and of course I was on relief. Then came my Senior Privileges and I had one "midnight" a month!

It will be fun remembering cokes at Minnies and ham-boogies at Jennie's—and the empty coke bottles decorating any room. And the fruit man—just outside the Hospital Gate.

I'll remember the many miles I walked—straight up—to get to my room on the 5th floor of Parkman.

My yearly physical will be hard to forget along with the specs for the E. M. Lab and that inevitable weight day—and our own Miss Fraser trying to keep us all in tow.

No matter where my nursing career takes me these and many other little incidents that occurred in my three years of training will always be dear to me. They are the reasons why no one could forget—why no one would want to forget the General—and simply they are the reasons why—*I'll Remember the General.*

ALMYRA C. GATES

THE DRAWSHEET

No. 10 Boston, Mass. March

THE CADET CORPS PASSED IN REVIEW

Uncle Sam needs nurses!! Not only is he interested in the military front, but we at home come up for consideration. We must maintain an unbroken line in the home defense so that the boys will know that those they are defending are "in there" with them.

Yes, we need more nurses, both in the Service and in civilian life. Samuel, through the United States Public Health Service, is offering a free nursing education to any girl who wants to be a nurse and can qualify for training.

The Bolton Act, which was authorized in July, 1943, contains the basic legislation for the organization of the United States Cadet Nurse Corps. To become a member of the corps one must pledge her services in essential nursing for the duration. In return for this, the government will pay tuition, book, activity fees and issue uniforms. Each cadet will receive one winter and one summer uniform, an overcoat, raincoat and uniform beret. These uniforms are gray and have red epaulets. The winter uniform and overcoat are of gray wool; the summer uniform is of gray and white cotton; the raincoat is of gray satin-finish paratrooper cloth; the beret is of gray felt. It is not necessary to wear this uniform at all times.

An allowance will be given to all in the Corps; the Pre-Cadet receiving fifteen dollars a month; the Junior Cadet twenty per month; and the Senior Cadet thirty.

Those who are already in training may reap many of the benefits of this program as well as the sixty-five thousand students the government needs and hopes to enlist this year. It certainly is a worthwhile venture and will enable us, as student nurses, to really do something for the war effort.

Rita Doyle '44

LET'S DO OUR HALF

At the last meeting of the Student Council new regulations concerning freely interchangeable lates and overnights and the permission to use Thayer Smoking Room after relief were announced. The latter change should help you to obey the rule in Thayer of not smoking in your rooms. The fire hazard is too great.

The faculty is now considering an arrangement whereby we will be able to go out after our three big proms. This will mean that we can leave the dances at twelve and have a midnight supper with our dates and get back in time to get some sleep. How does that sound to you?

We are trying hard to get radios in our rooms. At present WE are the only drawback. Radios will bring such a host of new regulations that we have to show ourselves capable of keeping those we have already set down.

If we have made our regulations

THE STAFF

EDITOR----------Lenore Reimann
BUSINESS MANAGER-----Louise Brown
PUBLICITY MANAGER--Barbara Christie
Assistants---M. Addison
Rita Collins
CHIEF REPORTER-------Pat Welch
REPORTERS----------Barbara Barber
Louise Brown
Jean Swart
Janet White
Nan LaLiberte
Lee Hey
TYPIST----------V. Wentworth
Assistant-------Carolyn Cook
Mimeographer---------Ann Hart

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too difficult, let's change them. Connie Kendall is, at present, heading such a committee. The faculty have been more than cooperative with us in all our requests. They feel that, if we are not capable of keeping the laws we have made ourselves for ourselves, we are not ready to take on the new regulations that will inevitably accompany radios. Just to list a few—the radios will have to be kept quiet in order that night nurses may sleep, they cannot be played so loudly that the girl next door can't study and they will have to be turned off at ten o'clock. You can readily see that radios will bring problems.

Now all we have to do is to prove ourselves. Let's show that we can abide by the present rules or let's change them so that we can keep them and give some firm ground for our belief that we are ready for the privilege and responsibility of radios.

Marie Reeves '44
President S.N.C.A.

SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE

One of the nicer customs that we have at M.G.H. is the practice of making a small but always welcome effort to cheer up "inbedded" student nurses.

Chucking a uniform temporarily and being admitted as a patient in the hospital, usually means one or more weeks of bedrest. After an active life of ward duty, it is a normal reaction to reach that mood indigo 'ere much time passes by.

The Social Service Committee has the task of quizzing Miss Fraser periodically and keeping eyes and ears open for such "Ward B's". When the quiz yields a patient, a small contribution such as a "coke", a magazine or even a friendly "Hi!" always gives the day a lift.

It makes the custom really worthwhile when the patients mentally substitute a brighter paint for the indigo that previously colored their leisure thoughts.

Clara Miller '43

STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

One foot in heaven or have you never tried to climb into an upper bunk without benefit of chair or ladder. Try both feet and there's a precarious lurch to the mattress—result both you and the mattress on the floor. There is a much more satisfactory arrangement to be sure but—well, defeat is bitter. Finally an undignified mode of approach is successful—a modified belly flop at a ninety degree angle.

After much straightening of tired joints and luxurious stretching and sinking into—yes! a soft mattress one senses that something is missing. 'Tis the chug chug of the

train wheels for when else have you had your nose bump the ceiling? Drifting off into slumber at last—horrors! what's that? There's someone beneath your bed? Why, of course, it's your roommate—for she sleeps there. I hope your first night in an upper bunk is spent with a gal less foresighted than my roommate for she sent a cold chill down my spine by wondering out loud. "Supposing you jump out of bed per usual to turn off the alarm." Careful arrangements of pillows to prevent that early morning expedition finally eased the fear and the sandman caught up with us—oh that lucky guy. But the greatest event was yet to come. When the brrrr of the alarm announces the AM and you roll over to finish that dream of 'him', to back down a ladder presents a precious time-consuming exit—soooo you slide—plunk onto the unyielding floor.

Interested? Well, why don't you come up and see me sometime?

Eileen Samuelson '44

THE GRAPEVINE

Come in on the beam and ride along with us to find out what's new.

Barbara Christie watching an op at Chelsea Naval. I'm not kidding—"Sur-ger-y calling Dr. Carroll!"

Sally Thatcher, the new prob, is the energetic little blond—so ve-ry Bostonian.

Jane Milliken's and Carol Barrow's interests are a stone's throw away. Yes, Tech claims them both.

Dede Spencer off to Kansas to visit Gene—the man behind those wings

Ginnie Wentworth starting on Public Health has landed back in the district at Blossom St. Can't get away from it all.

The Marines have landed and as usual the situation is—well just usual. How about that Evie MacDonald?

Someone said—aren't these dining discussions—just awful that Betty Fawcett is humming "O Danny Boy" not Vanny boy.

Sure would like to be around the day Clipper Barber served scrapped beef to her brood; maybe Clapps Baby Food is missing something.

Louise Brown caught her sister's wedding bouquet. Seems inevitable doesn't it, Brownie?

Margery Norcross' favorite song is "Nobody Loves Me". The wonder why may be answered by a little black and white animal that resides in her room.

Kay O'Loughlin carries a shamrock instead of a torch for a wee bit of a lad named Delaney.

Anne LeVigne journeys homeward and to the Cross. The wonders of Worcester.

Pat Batchelder dined on shipboard. Some girls have all the luck.

Next time Marie Reeves visits N.Y. we'll donate a man to show the difference between Brooklyn and Flatbush.

Esther McMorran speaks French very well. How are the practical lessons?

Does Pearl Foss still get a daily letter from Burt? He's so far away in Newport.

What are Marjorie LaFleur's main interests?

That popular little gal Jeanne Durrell must have been sorrowful to leave Baker.

Cynnie Welcker is the proud possessor of a gun—with which she hopes to track George down one of these days. Now don't get excited—it's very attractive jewelry.

Dot McCullough has forsaken one branch of the Navy for another. Lawsy me, Dottie, must you always be at sea?

As ever,
Your Scribe

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Just a note to express my appreciation to you and your staff for the "Drawsheet". Looking over the preceding editions, the improvements in set-up and content deserve noticeable consideration. As a whole, it's just what we want—a healthy interest in "who's who" and "what's going on".

I realize how much time and work all of you have volunteered toward the "Drawsheet" and thus directly toward each and every one of us. If with a surface remark we seem to rush off at times, please remember that we are more than indebted to your organization for giving us that balance between formality and informality which tends to a companionable student relationship.

Sincerely,
Virginia Telander

Editor's Note: Thank you for those kind words. We do become discouraged at times and it is a welcome lift to hear such encouragement from a fellow student.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS